For mee, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee prethee be not angrie,
Kate. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. I marrie sir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be maide a foole
If she had not a spirit to resist,
Pet. They shall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household-stuffe, my field my barne,
My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,
And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, wee are beset with theeues,
Rescue thy mistresse if thou be a man:
Feare not sweete wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile Buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bridegroom (wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no iunckets at the feast:
Lucentio you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.
Tra.

Tra. Shall sweete *Bianca* practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come Gentlemen let's goe.
Exeunt.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Masters, and all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man so raied? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a litle pot, and soone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw mee, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?
Gru. A peece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.
Cur. Is my master and his wife comming *Grumio*?
Gru. Oh I *Burtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.
Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported:
Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it hath tam'd my olde master, and my new mistris, and my selfe fellow *Curtis*.
Cur. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.
Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.
Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?
Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, and therefore fire: doe thy dutie, and haue thy dutie, for my Master and mistris are almost frozen to death.
Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.
Gru. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as thou wilt.
Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.
Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper readie, the house trim'd, rushes

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.27) Octavo